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not, he stated, aware that Richard Mather was unable to write. Some skill in writing was indispensable. For the proper explanation of the machine diagrams were necessary; figures must be employed; sometimes thoughts and statements would require to be put on paper—to say nothing of correspondence.

"Well, *it is* a disappointment, I confess," said Richard to his mother; "but I'm glad I've got Harry Whiting the job; he's a very good fellow, and promises to teach me to write when he has returned; but I am much mistaken, if I am not able to write before then."

The Mather family were seated at the tea-table, Fanny as well as the rest. On a sudden they heard a loud knock at the door, when in bounced a man in sailor's attire, exclaiming, "Mother!" The next moment the son and the mother were in each other's arms.

"I've had a long run to come across you," said William Mather,

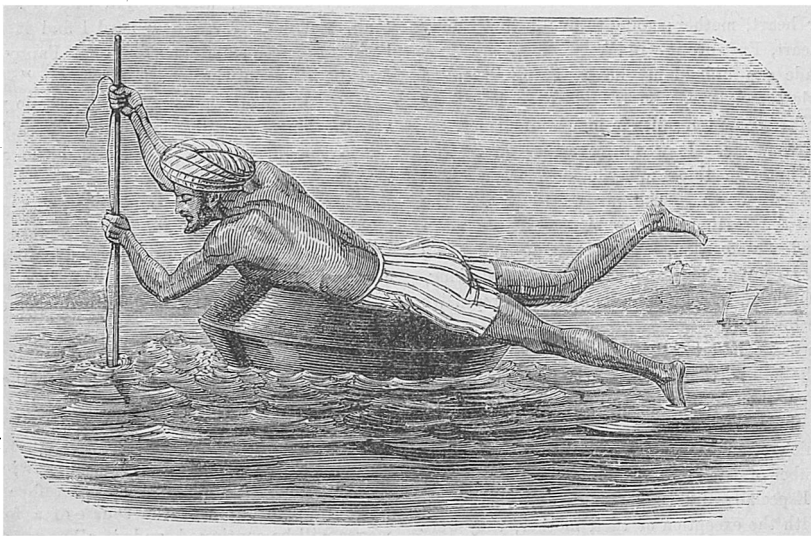
the eldest son, who, as we have said, had gone to sea. "I went into Saddleworth, but found some one else in the old house; sorry enough I was; but here you all are, except father, and he, I hope, is safe aloft. How was it I never heard from any of you?"

"You know *I can't write*, and *the children can't write*," said Mrs. Mather; "besides, we got only two letters from you, and from them we could not make out where you were."

"Well, *I can't write* either," answered William, "and as for that cook's mate that wrote for me, he handles a pen like a hand-spike; but never mind, here we are altogether again; and right glad am I to find you so comfortable."

Richard Mather has engaged a teacher, and spends two hours every evening in learning to write. He will doubtless succeed in this effort as he has succeeded in every other; and whatever his success in life, he will take special care that his mother and the other members of the family shall share in the results.

CHINESE AND INDIAN FISHERMEN.



AN INDIAN FISHERMAN.

THE Chinese are accustomed to use cormorants for catching fish, as our ancestors in the middle ages used the hawk for the purposes of the chase. In an English almanack, published last year at Shanghai, a missionary relates that, in the environs of Nankin, the ancient capital of the Celestial Empire, it is not rare to encounter a crowd of small boats, advancing in a horizontal line upon the water, each with a dozen, and sometimes as many as twenty, cormorants perched upon the sides. As the birds are naturally inclined to swallow the fish they catch, a piece of twine is tied round their necks to prevent them; the fisherman holds in his hand a rather slender pole of bamboo, about five or six feet in length, with which he lifts the cormorant into the boat when the bird has effected a capture. Taking the fish from his feathered assistant, the man rewards his address with a handful of beans, and the cormorant resumes his station on the side of the boat, with his keen eyes fixed upon the water. Eighty miles westward of Shanghai, at a place called the Collines, the fishing is conducted upon a grand scale. The missionary states that he saw a cormorant draw out of the water a fish measuring eighteen inches in length, and weighing several pounds. The fishermen encourage the birds to plunge by a peculiar cry, and a very curious spectacle is afforded when a hundred cormorants are seen darting about, and returning with their captured prey to the boats, without ever mistaking their master.

The people of India are less advanced than the Chinese. The natives of Scinde, dwelling on the shores of the Indus, have a very primitive and original method of taking the fish necessary for their

subsistence. The fisherman launches into the water a large and very light earthen vessel, and, lying face-downward upon it, commends himself to the mercy of Allah, and pushes off from the shore. Impelling his singular bark forward with his feet and hands, he skims over the water, as our engraving above represents. He holds in his right hand a pitchfork about fifteen feet long, to which is attached a large net, which he closes immediately the fish is taken, and transfers the fish to his vessel. Floating with confidence over the water, the fisherman proceeds several miles from the shore, suffering himself to be carried forward by the current, on account of the *pula*, a fish in much esteem, always swimming against the stream. Others content themselves with fishing for the *pula* with a net, standing on to the shore. In fact, it is dangerous to venture into the river, especially at noon, when the crocodiles are basking in the hot sunbeams. The English, however, do not allow themselves to be prevented by this obstacle from bathing in the river, even at midday, surrounded, it is true, by a cordon of domestics, swimming at some distance, and charged to frighten away the ferocious animals by raising loud cries and beating their hands.

M. Van Orlich, a German author, to whom we are indebted for some of the preceding details, says that there is a temple on the banks of the Indus, in front of which the crocodiles, according to the inhabitants, never fail to stop, and, penetrated with respect for the divinity that resides in that place, they turn towards him, not the tail, but the head.